

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

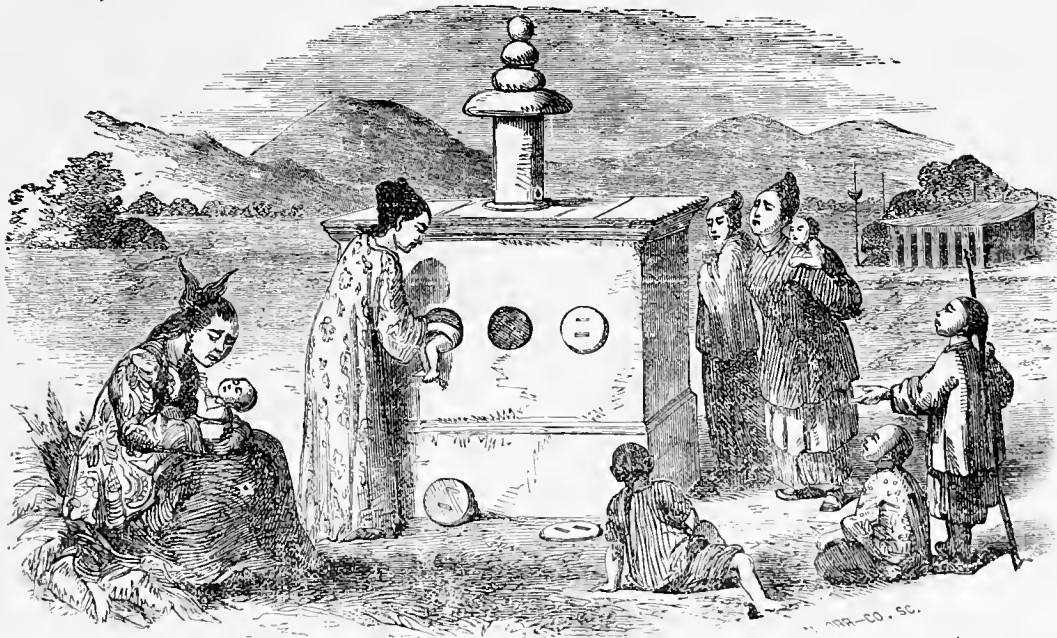
NO. 9.

A BABY TOMB IN CHINA.

WHAT a sad scene! How sorrowful these poor women appear! And well they may; for though the heathen religion in which they are brought up does not teach them the wickedness of what they are doing, yet they have hearts and feelings like mothers of other nations, and it is a terrible thing to part with their children in such a way. You, who are brought up under the teachings of the gospel, will perhaps scarcely believe it, when we tell you that these are Chinese mothers, who, after a custom carried out to an immense extent in that country, are murdering their little infant daughters by putting them alive

there to die. And a most terrible death it surely must be!

How loudly do facts such as these show the necessity of the gospel being restored to the earth in these days! How it speaks of the goodness of God in doing so. By and by this gospel will be preached in China; then these poor, ignorant, sinful mothers will have the privilege of obeying its laws. They will learn to value their little ones, and, instead of killing them, they will nurse and cherish them and instruct them in the laws of God, and teach them all things that are good. What a happy day it will be when the people of China and of all other



through the holes in the wall of the tomb, that they may drop down into the pit which it covers, never more to come out.

In the neighborhood of the large cities of China, towers or tombs of this kind are provided to receive the bodies of the poor little girls, whom their parents do not think it worth while to rear. Thousands and tens of thousands, there is every reason to fear, are thus destroyed every year. The parents often think that a female infant will cost them more than she will ever be worth to them; and thus, to save the expense of bringing her up, they quietly take her to one of these tombs, and leave her

nations worship the true and living God and seek to serve Him.

A MAN is said to have "caught a Tartar," when possessed of an uncontrollable wife. The phrase is supposed to have originated from a trooper once meeting a Tartar in the woods, and calling out to his comrade, "I have caught a Tartar!" "Bring him along, then," was the reply. "I can't," said the trooper. "Then come yourself!" "He won't let me."

Our Museum.

MONEY - WEIGHTS.

BY BETH.

It will be remembered that coins were in ancient times used as weights. This is curiously corroborated by relics found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Coins were sometimes suspended by a ring and chain, so as to slide upon a steelyard, an instrument used for weighing both in ancient and modern times.

As some of our little readers may not be acquainted with the famed history of the cities alluded to above, it may be stated that the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were both overwhelmed by an earthquake in the year 79 after Christ. There was some difference in the manner of their being buried up: Pompeii was completely interred beneath a mass of matter consisting of ashes, pumice and stones, some thirteen or fourteen feet deep; Herculaneum was nearer to the eruption of the volcano and consequently the streams of lava flowed over it. Most of the houses, especially those built of wood, were burned or broken in by the weight of the mass that rested on their roofs and floors. But many articles were preserved. Among others weights and scales just as they were used eighteen hundred years ago.

One steelyard found in Pompeii is made very well; the scale-pan is supported by four chains, attached to a ring depending from the short arm of the steelyard by two hooks ingeniously made to be attached when necessary. A sliding ring, through which the four chains pass, is made to slide up and down so as to enable goods to be put in the scale-pan. The weight is stamped like a coin and is made to slide along the steelyard, which is graduated so as to show the weight in the scale-pan. There is a ring at the end of the steelyard, doubtless intended to attach another ring to when necessary. But the most curious thing about this very ancient steelyard, is the inscription upon the beam: IMP. VESP. AVG. IIX. T. IMP. AVG. F. VI. C. EXACTA. IM. CAPITO. This means; In the eighth consulate of Vespasian emperor, Augustus, and in the sixth of Titus, emperor and son of Augustus, proved in the capitol. This shows the great care taken by the Romans to enforce a strict uniformity in the weights and measures throughout the empire. The date corresponds with the year 77 of our era, consequently two years before the eruption.

Other kinds of scales were used in those ancient cities proving that the customs of people in those times were very similar in many respects to our own. In excavating the ruins of Pompeii, the streets, even the houses, just as they stood at the time they were buried, have been cleared of the friable earth. There stood the stores and warehouses, the shops of the bakers, butchers and dealers in "notions" of those days; pestles and mortars, bronze lamps and stands, plates, dishes, mugs, vases, household furniture left in the confusion of use; things of intrinsic value, coins, gems, trinkets, left in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the hand of the robber, but now, after eighteen hundred years, recovered to afford us evidences of the habits and customs of the people who lived in those distant ages.

Besides the Greek weights, which will be noticed when describing some of the coins of Greece, those of Nineveh and Babylon are remarkably curious. They are veritable weights. Many of them are made in a very ornamental manner, resembling lions and other animals, known to the inhabitants of those

almost forgotten nations of antiquity. We have mounds in this country in which Indian relics are found; these are generally places in which the dead of ancient times are deposited. The mounds of the far-distant Orient are the ruins of once mighty cities, of which we read in the Bible, cities buried up, the material of which they were built covered over by the accumulated dust of twenty centuries. In the public museums are exhibited scales and weights, among other things, recovered from these ruins, many of which give evidence of the skill in manufacturing balances in those days, and enable us to understand the meaning of the names of coins used in relation to weights—pounds (libra), ounces (uncia), drachma (a weight still used in medicine), and many other coins that will be noticed.

A GOOD STRATAGEM

A TALE OF ENGLISH MAIL COACH DAYS.

(Concluded.)

"WELL, then, hostler, open the stage door. In with you! And, d'ye hear, be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gen'lemen; come on!"

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why how now, coachee? What confounded joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads, you are entitled to your places. My lord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine; they were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two proteges of mine shall occupy them. An English stage coach is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable for their conduct; so mind you behave, boys! Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat; pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us, by jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical gentleman.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to allow our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of the time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I'll give you

something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord. "My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the law expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

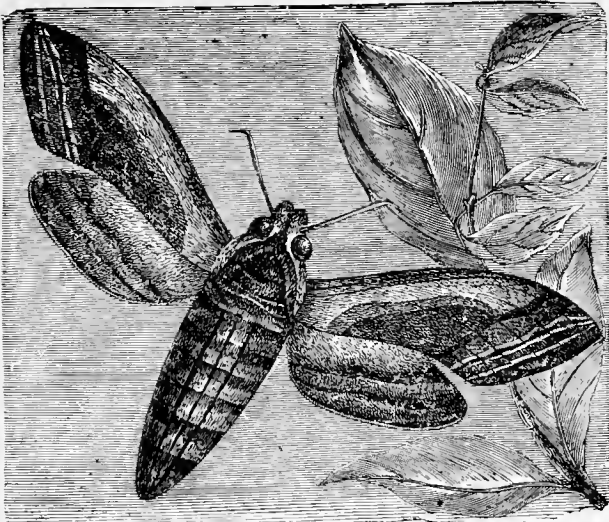
The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed, and the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene by taking a middle seat, and all journeyed on together without further quarrel or grumbling, except from the coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage; and three seconds less than three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was."

"THAT NASTY MOTH."

THE other day, as I was sitting beside a young friend, whom I shall call Helen Brown, I was suddenly aroused by a cry of distress, followed by the words, "That nasty moth!"

I looked down on the creature, and then up into Helen's face; and I suppose the manner of it was reproving, for she began at once to excuse herself with, "But is it not nasty?"



I looked down again. There it was upon the table cloth, a little brown moth with the daintiest of wings, and most slender legs, and a marvelous power of moving itself hither and thither, a tiny insect which one might crush under a pencil with even less effort than is used in dotting an *i* or crossing a *t*; yet Miss Helen Brown was afraid of it!

"I cannot bear them, Miss Grenville, they are so ugly, almost as ugly as 'long legs.' I cannot bear *them*, either."

"Poor little moth!" said I, as I laid my hand upon the table. "What a curious little thing it is!"

"Oh, how can you say so?" exclaimed Helen, as the moth gently walked up my finger to the back of my hand. "Will you put it out of the window?"

"If you wish it; but first look at its wings, and observe how God has wonderfully made its little frame. See its legs, how like threads, yet how firm and active! Think what marvels you might see if you had a microscope; what bright eyes, what a mouth for a bite at mamma's best sable skin! And remem-

ber that the great Power which fashioned you, gave 'life and breath and all things' to this insect."

As I went on, my young friend drew nearer; and it is possible that she might even have become somewhat acquainted with "that nasty moth," had not its little ugliness flown away. I was gone and I think Helen breathed more freely after its departure.

"I never could bear them!" she repeated, "or 'long-legs' either. Could you touch a 'long-legs,' Miss Grenville?"

"Certainly. What harm could it do me?"

"I don't know, but they are so ugly!"—with great emphasis on the last two words.

"Are they?"

"Oh yes, they are all legs."

I smiled. "Are legs, then, so very frightful? Have we any right to despise one of God's creatures because it has a greater number of limbs than we have, or because those limbs are too long, as we think, to be graceful? You are not as beautiful as an angel; but should one of the heavenly host on that account despise you?"

Helen listened seriously. "I have never thought of this before," said she, "but do you really see anything to admire in moths and 'long-legs?'"

"Yes, Helen; God has taken the trouble to make all their thread-like limbs and curious frames, and I do not think it too much trouble to admire his handiwork. If I had one here, I would point to Master 'Long-legs' and say to you, 'Make, if you can, such a piece of fancy-work as one of these.'"

"Of course, Miss Grenville. I could not make one," said Helen; "but I am sure even you must own that some things are really hateful."

"Things which God makes? Do you mean that?"

"I suppose so. There are horrid creatures!" Here Helen shrugged her shoulders, so as to express the greatest possible disgust. "Yes, really horrid!"

"You mean not pleasant, because dangerous. For example, a lion. That would tear you to pieces."

"No," said Helen. "I don't call them horrid, Miss Grenville. I like lions."

"And you hate moths and 'long-legs?'"

"Not now; I think at least you have made me begin to stop hating them, and to think them only a little ugly."

I smiled again. "Only a little ugly! I see I must get a microscope for you, Helen. For the present you must take my word for it, that, although insects are, like many of us, disagreeable when out of place, there is no such thing as a really hateful insect in the world. All are wonderfully made, and, when well examined, all are found to be strangely beautiful. Keep your eyes open, and give up your foolish fears. You might then soon discover that I am right, and you will no longer look with contempt upon the creatures which God has made. Dear Helen, let us consider everything which God has made for all his creations as 'good,' and although we cannot understand how it is so, doubtless every tiny insect has its use, and is a necessary part of the great whole, which we call the universe. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Helen; and a few minutes after she said, very gravely, "Thank you."

So the lesson was not given in vain.—

Selected.

IMPRESSIONS, firmly fixed in the mind, and long cherished, are erased only with great difficulty; how important, then, that the impression stamped upon the minds of children should be good ones.

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

THE captain's proposal was what I most anxiously desired, as I had seen enough of Panama and Taboga, and desired a change. People were crowding to California, and I felt a desire not only to see the country, but to try my fortune with the rest; besides if I wished to return home, I would have a better opportunity of getting on board of a homeward-bound vessel in San Francisco than any other place on the coast. Therefore I accepted the captain's offer, and spoke to him of Hank; and he told me to bring him on board the ship. But Hank in the meantime had engaged himself in the office of the Panama paper; he would not go on board the ship, as he thought he had a much better situation in the printing office. In this he was correct. However, he advised me to go in the vessel to California, and held out the hope of seeing me there before many months. He said he was heartily sick of a sea-faring life, and would never go to sea again as a sailor as long as he could possibly avoid it. I was as weary of the life as my companion was, but I was hundreds of miles from home; and to reach there, necessity compelled me to endure a few more months of hardship and exposure on the ocean. So Hank and I parted, after a two years' companionship, a companionship of brothers and friends. When we first went on the whaler, being chosen in opposite watches, we "chummed" together, and so continued until our separation at Taboga. Our shipmates were continually disagreeing, quarreling and changing, but Hank and I never. As two friends we came together and as friends we parted. I have never seen or heard of Hank since. Like myself he may be still battling with the cares and disappointments of the world, with more or less success. If so, I have not the least doubt that it is with honor and credit to himself, as he possessed all that a noble nature required.

With tears in our eyes and swelling hearts, we shook hands on the beach, and as the boat bore me towards the ship I kept waving an adieu to my solitary friend standing on the shore, until his form slowly faded from my sight in the evening twilight. After the *Rovera* had taken in her stores, we weighed anchor and ran over to Panama, to take on board our passengers, some three hundred and fifty. The next day, February 21st, 1852, we sailed for San Francisco, and with a good stiff breeze we bowled down the great bay of Panama. Seven of our passengers were females. Nothing of moment transpired to interrupt our busy cargo of humanity in making their arrangements for a long sea voyage—longer, as it proved, than we anticipated.

On the fifth day out, a passenger in the steerage died. I shall never forget that bright Sunday morning, when the boatswain bellowed down the hatchway: "All hands bury the dead!" It was the first time I had ever heard the mournful summons on shipboard. It was the first body that I witnessed consigned to the deep. The body of the passenger was sewed in a blanket and placed on the gangway plank, feet towards the sea. A sack of coal was fastened to the feet, to sink the body, and the ship's flag was spread over it. When the crew and passengers assembled to pay their last tokens of respect, the captain read the burial service, a prayer was offered up by one of the passengers, and then the body was committed to the sea, sinking out of sight immediately, leaving no mark or trace of its resting place.

We were carried by our fair wind some six hundred miles, when it died away into a perfect calm, lasting for twenty-two days, during which time we did not move five miles.

Our sea-bread had been baked at Panama, and through some mismanagement, had been packed when hot; consequently it commenced to steam, turned mouldy; and rotted, compelling us to throw overboard two-thirds of it. Our water tanks, also imperfectly constructed at Taboga, had leaked so badly that, it was discovered that half of our water was gone. All hands were put on short allowance, and part of the cargo consisting of some ten or fifteen cases of preserved meats, were confiscated. With the hope of recruiting the ship, the captain bore up for Acapulco, at which place we anchored the beginning of April.

Acapulco has one of the finest harbors in the world. It is entered by two passes, the usual one, about three hundred yards wide, called the "Boca Chica," between the points Pilar and Grifo. The bay is perfectly land-locked; the hills surrounding rise abruptly, the water is very deep, and ships approach within a few yards of the shore to anchor. A thousand vessels might lie in this bay and be amply protected against any wind.

In fact so completely inclosed is this bay, it has more the appearance of a mountain lake than an arm of the sea. The town stands on a narrow strip of land about half a mile in width. The houses are built of stone and adobe, covered with red tiles. Some of them are white-washed, and have a neat appearance; many of them are supplied with a niche in the wall, in which is placed a crucifix or image of some favorite saint, rudely carved in wood, and gaudily decorated with paint and tinsel. Many of the houses are in a sad state of dilapidation. The ruins of an old church were to be seen, the walls and towers alone standing, which I was told had been destroyed by an earthquake many years before. At the extreme point of the town, commanding the entrance to the harbor, stood the castle of San Carlos, a rather imposing looking fortress, built of large blocks of stone. At one time it was surrounded by a deep trench, which is now filled with weeds and rubbish. The walls of the fort were cracked and split in several places by repeated earthquakes. In many places large portions had fallen down; in fact, it had a very ruined and neglected look. The market place, formed by an open square, is near the center of the town. All day long men and women might be seen squatting on the ground selling cocoa, beans, oranges, limes, sugar-cane, candles, fish, and meat—the meat cut in long strips, and dried in the sun. The two principal hotels, kept respectively by a German and Chinaman, were the "American Hotel," and the "Canton House;" neither, however, could boast of extraordinary cleanliness or accommodation. The palm, plantain, banana and cocoa-nut trees were the most flourishing of the dense, rank, tropical growth surrounding the town. The place was founded by the Spaniards in their early days of conquest on the Pacific, and owed its former importance to its commerce with the East Indies, through the Philippine Islands. This trade was limited, I believe, to a single ship of large burden, whose annual cargo was estimated to be worth from £400,000 to £500,000 sterling. When the news of her arrival off the coast reached Mexico, the merchants crowded from all parts of the country to Acapulco. The imports were chiefly silks from China, muslins from India, cottons, spices and aromatics, jewelry and other articles of luxury. The exports from Mexico consisted of silver, cochineal, cocoa, wine, oil and Spanish wool. Cruising off the harbor, to intercept and capture this vessel, was a favorite occupation of the old circumnavigators and the more lawless buccaneers. Through

the jealousy of the government, no encouragement is given to foreigners to settle in the place; consequently there is little or no improvement, although a regular stopping place for the California steamers. Another great drawback to its prosperity is the general unhealthiness of the place. Baron Humboldt, who spent some time here, investigating the climatic influences of tropical America, writes of it. "The heat is more oppressive, the air more stagnant, and the existence of man more painful at Acapulco, than at Vera Cruz." These are not all the troubles of the Acapulcans; earthquakes and hurricanes often occur, the dry and burning atmosphere is almost insupportable, and noxious insects and reptiles infest the dwellings and torment the inhabitants at all times. We found several vessels at anchor in the bay. Like our own, they were loaded with passengers, and out of provisions. It was impossible to buy anything in the shape of ships' stores. A few of our passengers, who had money, left us and engaged passage on an upward-bound steamer. The other poor fellows knew not what to do; it was starvation to stay, and it seemed almost like starvation to go. Our captain, however, had no idea of staying; he hoped that a twenty or twenty-five days' run would land us in San Francisco. He, by some means, managed to procure twenty barrels of hard-bread, six of salt beef, and a few sacks of rice, and we also refilled our leaky water tanks. The passengers and crew were called together, and our circumstances were represented to us by the captain. It seemed like a great risk to venture to sea so poorly provisioned, yet it was preferable to remaining in the pestilential port. The question was put to vote, and it was unanimously decided to go to sea.

After a five days' sojourn the anchor was hove up and we were again at sea. Everything promised fair for the first two weeks after leaving Acapulco, when we were beset by alternate light and baffling head winds and calms, during which we made little or no progress. Our provisions were entirely consumed, excepting the rice; and the water that had not been used had leaked out of the tanks. Starvation stared us in the face. The passengers, sick and despairing, began to lose all hope, and crawled about the deck in the most miserable and dejected manner. We were a hundred miles from land and our condition was truly deplorable. But fortunately our captain was the man for the occasion. He regulated the different messes, dividing crew and passengers into twenty-two divisions, with a captain to each mess. Three men took charge of the little provisions left, consisting of a few sacks of sugar and the rice purchased at Acapulco. Our daily allowance was one pint of rice and one pint of water. Fortunately they had left on the ship, when fitting her out, the old copper cooler, used for cooling the oil, when trying out blubber. This the captain had erected over the galley range. We had no use for the range, as we had no provisions to cook. Along side of the cooler a large cask was lashed, standing on its end. Copper was torn from the side of the ship, and made into a worm, running from the top of the cooler through the cask. The top of the cooler was also covered with copper, riveted with the pennies collected from the passengers. This was done by two coppersmiths who were aboard. The cooler and cask were filled with salt water, and a fire started under the cooler (now a large boiler). The steam going through the worm in the cask (now a cooler), chilled, and produced us on an average twelve or thirteen buckets or twenty-five gallons of condensed or fresh water every twenty-four hours. Fortunately our ship was ballasted with coal—about one hundred tons—so we had plenty of fuel. With this apparatus we managed to keep up the supply, a pint a day for each man, during the rest of the voyage.

Missionary Sketches.

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

BY AMASA POTTER.

ON the 31st day of August, 1856, I left the port of San Francisco, Cal., in company with some other Elders, bound for the South Pacific Islands, to preach the gospel to the natives and European people of those Islands. We were young and inexperienced, and not well qualified to perform such a mission, as to call sinners to repentance, but being set apart to this work by the holy priesthood, we started on our journey relying wholly on the God of Israel to shield and protect us while on the boisterous ocean. The sea was calm and smooth, and as we passed out of the bay we could see the white sand and coral reefs under us to the depth of fifteen feet. Near the entrance of this bay there are shoals on either side making the channel very narrow for ships to sail in, and on these shoals could be seen numerous wrecks of ships, which lay in all positions—some on their beam ends, some with their bows out of water, and some with just the tops of the masts in sight. But worse than all, we were informed that one thousand brave seamen were lost with those wrecks. Our good ship passed over these shoals in safety, and came to Bird Island, a distance of twenty-one miles from the sands. Here we saw numerous sea fowls; at many places the rocks seemed to be nearly covered with eggs. We learned from the pilot that boat loads of those eggs were taken to the San Francisco market and sold every week.

Here we took advantage of a stiff land breeze, and the seas began to be very rough. We were now out of sight of land and nothing to be seen but the white-capped waves, and the sea birds sailing around the ship. The spray from the top of the waves swept across the ship, wetting all who were on the deck. Tho most of us began to be very sick, with the ship rolling and plunging through the heavy sea, and we spent a very disagreeable night.

Next morning came, and the winds had increased almost to a gale. Our noble bark was tossed to and fro like a cork upon the water. The billows rolled up like mountains, and at times we were in the trough between the waves, and again the ship would rise to the top of them, until it seemed that we were out of water for a moment, when the ship would again plunge from the wave, and the water would come over the deck sweeping all before it. All of the sails were furled but two; the jib and mizzen sails were up, and we were running at the rate of ten miles an hour. Our course was southwest by west.

Seven days passed, and our good ship bounded over the waves at a very rapid rate. On the morning of the tenth day we sighted land in the west. The captain ordered the mate to tack ship to the southwest and bear around to the island. At noon the captain took an observation from the sun, and found the ship's position to be in latitude 20 north and longitude 55° west from Greenwich. He found that this land was the south end of one of the Sandwich Islands, and that we had sailed eighteen hundred miles from San Francisco.

(To be Continued.)

FRETTING never greased a wagon, or made the wheels of life turn easier.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HERE is much that is said in this world that is allowed by the unthinking to pass without scrutiny, or is transferred from mouth to mouth without a passing thought or a moment's reflection as to its truth. It is so with many of the maxims and "proverbs" that are on the lips of both young and old, and because they are so common they are allowed to circulate freely, and are handed down from one generation to another as crumbs of concentrated wisdom, but which, when held up to the light of truth, are found to be spurious, incorrect or immoral. As many of these familiar sayings often fall upon the ears of our youth, and their constant repetition gives them the air and semblance of what they claim to be, we propose to refer to a few, the truthfulness of which we doubt, or with the popular application of which we disagree.

Some assert that "what everybody says must be true." We confess we see no *must* in the case. What everybody says is as likely to be false as true. Truth does not depend on what is said of it, or what anybody knows about it. Truth is independent of anybody and everybody, and still remains the same however much it may be praised or blamed. Yet we hope to see the day when ignorance, error and sin will be swept away, and the knowledge of God and truth will be universal. When that day comes "what everybody says will be true."

Vox Populi vox Dei, that is, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," is a favorite saying with many in this land who believe in the "sovereignty of the people." It is true that the voice of the people may be very powerful, but it is very changeable and very liable to err, and, moreover, often very unjust, especially when the wicked rule. How different from the voice of God. It was the voice of the people that desired that Barabbas the murderer should be released unto them, and that cried "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him." How much of the voice of God was there in that mad cry?

Sometimes we hear it said, "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." Why so? Is fashion more valuable than life? Does fashion add one virtue to that which is vicious, or make a folly wise? If it became the fashion for men to spill the blood of their fellows, would it be any the less murder because it was fashionable? Or if it were the fashion to take that which was not one's own, would it not still be stealing? Again, in things of lesser moment, suppose it became a fashion in Utah—as it is in some savage countries—for men and women to wear rings in their noses, would that fashion add one iota to their beauty, comfort or usefulness? If we have no excuse but fashion for doing any certain thing, we have the poorest of excuses, the weakest of all crutches. Remember that "fashion is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools." Let none of us make it our idol.

"Honesty is the best policy," and so it is. But the boy or girl who is taught to be honest for the sake of policy only, will

very possibly be dishonest when he fancies it would be *policy* to be so. We should be honest from principle, not from policy; because it is right and God approves it.

We are sometimes told that "Boys will be boys." We are glad of it. We do not wish them to be anything else. But this saying is sometimes made an excuse for wrong-doing or actual wickedness. The adage does not say, nor does it mean, that boys will be bad boys, as the way in which some apply it would almost make us believe, but that boys will have the ways of boys: their light-heartedness, their thoughtlessness, their love of fun and mischief, which years and experience will tone down to the stateliness of manhood and the gravity of age. We have no wish to "put old heads on young shoulders," but we have no objection to seeing young heads manifest thought, kindness, love and consideration for the feelings of others.

"Live and learn, die and forget all," pathetically sighs some unthinking creature. "Live and learn!" Quite right; we came on this earth to do so, but not "die and forget all." Who, with a grain of common sense, believes we shall forget all when we die? If so, where is the good of our coming here to learn? Which is it, our body or our spirit, that learns and remembers? And if it be our spirit, can it not remember as well without the body as with it? "Forget all!" No! But our life with all its varied scenes, all that we have learned, or done, or acquired, will be remembered with ten fold vividness when we enter that new life beyond the grave.

ON Sunday last (April 19th) the Sabbath school children of Salt Lake City filled the Old Tabernacle, on the occasion of their first rehearsal of the hymns and songs to be sung at the forthcoming Jubilee. The rehearsal passed off even better than the most sanguine could have expected, the children manifesting great aptness in learning the tunes, as one after another, they were presented to their notice by Elder C. J. Thomas, the conductor. In this they were greatly aided by the publication, in book form, of the words and music of the sixteen pieces to be sung. This is the first musical work published in Utah, and very properly is issued under the auspices of the Deseret Sabbath School Union, the composition and presswork being done most creditably at the office of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. A sufficient number will be published, at a very low figure, to meet the demands of all the Sabbath schools in the Territory, and they can be obtained at the Office of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The words of the various pieces are all original productions of members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the greater portion of the music is the composition of Elders C. J. Thomas, J. J. Daynes and E. Beesley.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

LESSON IV.

- Q.—What kind of a tomb was Jesus laid in?
 A.—A tomb hewn out of a rock.
 Q.—Who rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre?
 A.—Joseph.
 Q.—Who rolled back the stone from the sepulchre?
 A.—An angel of the Lord.
 Q.—How long did Jesus lay in the tomb?
 A.—Three days.
 Q.—What became of Jesus after his resurrection?
 A.—He ascended up into heaven.
 Q.—Where did He sit?
 A.—On the right hand of God.

THE LOST SHEEP.

THE sheep is one of the most valuable of our domestic animals. It thrives on situations and soils on which other animals would find it difficult to exist; and it affords us a large supply of food, as well as one of the principal materials of our clothing. The skin, dressed, forms different parts of our apparel, and is used for covers of books. The sheep is, in fact, so useful to man, that from the earliest ages it has been an object of his constant care. Two thousand years ago, the Romans paid great attention to their sheep, and the present mode of treating them in Spain is almost exactly the same as that introduced by those ancient conquerors of the world.

The varieties of the sheep are numerous, differing in size, the length of their legs, the size of their horns, etc. Some are covered with hair instead of wool; others have very large tails; and there are some that have long, hanging ears. The variety most celebrated for the fineness of its wool is the Spanish Merino, as improved in Germany; but the English sheep produce wool in the largest quantity.

The allusions, in Scripture, to shepherds and their flocks are very frequent. The following are only a few of them:

When sheep are alarmed, they forsake the spots where they have been pasturing, and run together so as to form one close group. So the prophet Micah warned the people of his time, when they were terrified by the invasion of hostile armies, and the cruel devastation of their country, that they should seek for safety in their cities, as the flocks of Bozrah in their fold from the attack of the wolf or the lion: "I will surely assemble,

O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel; I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah, as the flock in the midst of the fold."

This creature is neither remarkable for its sagacity, its strength, nor its swiftness. It is, therefore, exposed to the attacks of many enemies; and when deserted by its keeper, no domestic animal is more wretched and helpless. To the misery of this destitute condition the writers of the Bible often allude.

"I saw all Israel," says Micah, "scattered upon the hills as sheep that have no shepherd." "Smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered." And of Jesus it is said: "But when He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."

The sheep, also, is prone to wander from its accustomed pastures: it is apt to separate itself from its fellows, rambling into distant and dangerous solitudes. And when it has thus roamed far away from the flock and the fold, it seems to want the inclination or the skill to return. How touchingly is this defect used in Scripture to describe the sad state of those who are without the knowledge of God, or do not obey Him. "I have gone astray

like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant," says the penitent Psalmist. So Isaiah says "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." So, also, St. Peter says to the Christians to whom he was writing: "For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

Probably there was no animal referred to so frequently as the sheep by the Savior and the prophets of old. The faithful are



frequently compared to sheep. Jesus is called "the Lamb of God." "My sheep know my voice," says Jesus. The wicked are likened to goats. The frequency with which sheep are alluded to in the Bible shows how familiar they were to the people of Palestine, and how much they were esteemed. Some of the most noted men of whom we read in Scripture were shepherds. It was a useful employment, and among a simple, right-thinking people, therefore, an honorable one.

With us the sheep is a most valuable animal. Yet we sometimes think it is not valued as it ought to be. Proper pains have not always been taken to improve the breed of sheep, so as to have those of the finest quality. We have depended too much on imported cloth for our best clothing. But we hope the day is not far distant when we shall be able to manufacture the best and finest of cloth from wool of our own production. There is nothing to prevent our doing so if we choose, for our country is admirably adapted for sheep of the best varieties.

Anecdotes of Painters.

CORREGGIO.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

CORREGGIO was one of the many great men to whom fame came only after death. His life was passed in comparative obscurity, so those who would seek for his history must find it in his works alone. Even the date of his birth is uncertain; but it was between the years 1490 and 1494. His real name was Antonio Allegri; but, like most of the painters of his time, he took his surname from the name of his birthplace, Correggio in Modena. Nothing can be a better proof of the unambitious stay-at-home career of Correggio than the impenetrable obscurity that rests over the details of his life. He had attracted the notice of no authoritative judges or powerful patrons, and almost nothing regarding him is on record. But when the merits of the works he left behind him began to be found out, a whole crop of legendary stories sprang up to fill the place of genuine biography. To begin with, he was represented as having been of humble origin and having lived in poverty, often verging on absolute want, to the end of his days; and the most pathetic incidents are related with minute circumstantiality. Thus, in regard to his wonderful fresco on the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, it was gravely told that the mean and cold-hearted dignitaries with whom the artist had to deal could not see its merits, and that when Correggio came to receive payment for his finished work, that he might joyfully take home the price of his labors to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with the picture, and finally refused to give him more than half of the paltry sum originally promised. Correggio's necessities were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point. He took the money, which his mean patrons paid all in copper coins. Correggio took the heavy burden on his shoulders. His home was six or eight miles from Parma, and he had to walk that distance under the burning heat of an Italian sun, laden with the weight of the copper, his heart sinking with despondency. He reached his cottage at last, and, thirsty and exhausted, drank plentifully of some water which his children brought. He was immediately seized with a fever, and lay down on his straw-bed, from whence he never rose. In three days Antonio Correggio was no more.

Now there are still in existence registered documents which completely disprove all this. From these records it appears that there were frequent conveyances of sums of money, houses, and portions of land among Correggio's immediate relations; in particular Pelegrino. Correggio's father, who survived his son (Correggio died in 1534), left among other legacies a considerable sum to his grand-daughter, and made his grandson his residuary legatee. Another of these documents reveals the very sum he received for his frescos in the cathedral of Parma, namely, a thousand ducats, equivalent perhaps to two or three thousand pounds at the present day.

It is not known with certainty who were Correggio's instructors in art. In fact, he is represented by some as never having had a master or been in a studio. He never had an opportunity of studying the antique, and the works of his great contemporaries were as unknown to him as he was to them. Nature was his only guide, and his art an inspiration. All this is manifest exaggeration. It has been pointed out that the city of Correggio was not altogether without a taste for the arts, and had had some tolerably good painters before Correggio; and that if there were no specimens of the actual antique, or the pictures of the great modern masters, there could hardly fail to be casts of one, and tolerable copies of the other. There is even a story of Correggio having seen at Bologna Raffaele's glorious picture of "St. Cecilia," and, after contemplating it for some time, exclaiming: "I too am a painter!" but the story is probably a fiction. Be that as it may, it seems to be the truth that Correggio was less dependent on those that went before him than perhaps any other great painter, and that his style is peculiarly his own. He excelled in coloring; not gorgeous or dazzling, but sweet, and cool, and harmonious tints. His pictures looked as if dipped in the freshness of early dawn. Correggio painted children with surpassing grace and beauty; and his Madonnas have an angelic sweetness, which no artist has excelled except Raffaele. If we may judge of a painter's own disposition by the character stamped upon his works, Correggio must have been most gentle and lovable, with a mind full of everything that is good and beautiful. One can fancy him as a kind father playing among his children, and catching from them the natural graces which he afterwards fixed imperishably on his canvases.

Annibal Caracci, who, fifty years after, visited Parma, and saw the work of Antonio, says: "Everything that I see astonishes me, particularly the coloring and beauty of the children, who live, breathe, and smile with so much sweetness and vivacity, that it is impossible to refrain from partaking in their enjoyment. My heart, however, is ready to break when I reflect on the unhappy fate of poor Correggio and to think that so wonderful a man, who ought rather to be called an angel, should have ended his days miserably in a country where his talents were never known." Titian, who saw the frescos in the cathedral of Parma a few years after Correggio's death, is reported to have exclaimed: "Were I not Titian, I would be Correggio."

In one of the most difficult elements of painting, Correggio is considered never to have been excelled, namely, *chiaro-oscuro*, as it is technically called; that is, the art of representing light in shadow and shadow in light, so that the parts in shadow shall still have the clearness and warmth of those in light, and those in light the depth and softness of those in shadow. One of the most admired small pictures in the world is Correggio's "Penitent Magdalen," well known to all who are versed in engravings.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows; little acts of kindness brighten the world.

NUMBER SEVEN.

On the seventh day God ended his work. On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground. In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom. Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph. Jacob served seven years for Rachael; and yet another seven more. Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban. A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn. On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tents. Every seventh year the law was read to the people. In the destruction of Jericho, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seven rounds the walls fell. Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication. In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candlestick had seven branches. Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

TRYING to rise by wickedness, is like climbing a lightning-rod, blistering the hands by the operation, and getting pierced at the top, only to be in constant danger of being struck by a fatal shaft. A wicked course may bring a person wealth, but it certainly will never bring happiness.

BE KIND.

WHAT a pleasant picture! What a happy little couple! How fond the girl seems of her younger brother! How interested both appear to be with the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, which they hold with loving hands, while they together peruse its pages and admire its pictures. How much better it is for brothers and sisters to agree, than to quarrel about which shall look at a book first.

Everyone who knows these two little friends of ours says, "What loving, well-behaved children they are." It is a pleasure to be in their company, they are so kind to each other, and give such a ready and cheerful obedience to all of their parents' wishes. We are sure that when they grow up they will be happy, for everybody will love and respect them.

As we have mentioned the good behavior of our two little friends, we have now a few words to say on politeness, for some

affirm that many of our boys and girls are not as polite as they should be. If this be true, it should be remedied. It has been wisely observed that politeness costs nothing. No one is the poorer for being well-behaved. On the contrary, it is often a stepping stone on the road to fortune.

In good manners, as in almost everything else, there is the bogus as well as the genuine article. True politeness is born of a kind heart; its motive is to make others happy, comfortable and at ease; its imitation is a thing of art, a polish on the surface, not a sentiment of the soul. Much of our rudeness arises from want of thought, more still is the result of selfishness. A very selfish man is seldom a very polite man. He thinks too much of his own comfort to care for the welfare of others.

Politeness consists more in the manner than in the words. "If you please" can be said in a surly tone, and "I thank you" be uttered very unthankfully. A bow can be given with a frown, and flattering words be intermingled with glances of contempt.

We should never forget to be polite to our parents and brothers and sisters. Because we love them, is no reason that we should treat them rudely. Some folks save all their politeness for outside show. We suppose their stock is small, and they are afraid it will not last all round. It is said that politeness greases the wheels of society. It is no doubt so, but it also helps to make home happy. No boy is a truly noble one, who acts rudely to a girl, because she is his sister; and no girl is really a young lady who snubs and berates her brothers. It is just as proper to say "if you please," and "thank you," for an act of kindness or duty done, by a rela-

tive, as by a stranger. We may profitably remember the words of the song, which read:

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;

The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,

If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,

The love of a brother shall be

An ornament purer and richer by far

Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know

The depth of true sisterly love;

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below

The surface that sparkles above;

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,

And blessings thy pathway to crown;

Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,

More precious than wealth or renown.



CLEAR GRIT.

ABOUT thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly told him he could not? The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentlemen just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, "I'm going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have this one that is not new for fifty cents.

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some books for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship.

The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea with any hope of safety.

The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, in a rebuking manner:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will, mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P., do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember a boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverley."

"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Capt. Haverley!"

WE find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means a falsehood, once received from a famed writer, becomes traditional to posterity.

Questions and Answers ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LXII.

Q.—What reason did the people of Ammonihah give for hating Amulek?

A.—They said he had spoken against their lawyers and their judges.

Q.—What did the lawyers resolve to do?

A.—They were determined to remember these things against Amulek.

Q.—Who was one of the foremost to accuse Alma and Amulek?

A.—A man named Zeezrom.

Q.—What was his occupation?

A.—He was one of the leading men among the lawyers.

Q.—What was the object of the lawyers in laboring among the people?

A.—To get gain.

Q.—According to the law of Mosiah, what wages should the judges receive?

A.—They were to be paid according to the time they were employed in judging the people.

Q.—What did the lawyers receive?

A.—They received wages according to their employ.

Q.—What did they next do?

A.—They stirred up the people to rioting and to anger against Alma and Amulek.

Q.—What for?

A.—That they might have more employment.

Q.—What did Zeezrom do?

A.—He asked Amulek if he would answer the questions which he put to him.

Q.—What did Amulek say?

A.—He answered that he would say nothing contrary to the spirit of God.

Q.—How did Zeezrom try to induce Amulek to deny the existence of a supreme being?

A.—By offering him silver.

Q.—Would Amulek deny the truth?

A.—No; he upbraided Zeezrom for his evil intentions.

Q.—What was the next question that Zeezrom asked Amulek?

A.—He asked him if there was more than one God.

Q.—What was Amulek's reply?

A.—He answered no.

Q.—How did Amulek say he knew these things?

A.—An angel had made them known to him.

Q.—Who did Amulek say would come?

A.—The Son of God.

Q.—What was Zeezrom's next question?

A.—He asked Amulek if the Son of God would save his people in their sins.

Q.—What was Amulek's answer?

A.—He said it was impossible.

Q.—Why so?

A.—Because God could not deny His word.

Q.—Of what did Zeezrom next accuse Amulek?

A.—Of speaking as though he had authority to command the Lord.

Q.—What did Amulek say to this accusation?

A.—He told Zeezrom that God had said no unclean thing could inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Q.—After Amulek had finished speaking how did the people feel?

A.—They were greatly astonished.

Q.—How did Zeezrom act?

A.—He began to tremble.

Questions and Answers ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON LXII.

Q.—What was the number of the children of Israel over twenty years of age that were able to go forth to war?

A.—Six hundred and three thousand and five hundred and fifty.

Q.—Which of the tribes was not included in this number?

A.—The Levites.

Q.—Why were they not numbered with the other tribes?

A.—Because the Lord appointed them for the service of the tabernacle.

Q.—In whose place were the Levites chosen?

A.—Instead of the firstborn.

Q.—How many more of the firstborn of Israel were there than the Levites?

A.—Two hundred and three score and thirteen.

Q.—How were they redeemed?

A.—By money.

Q.—To whom was the money given?

A.—To Aaron and his sons.

Q.—Who attended to this matter?

A.—Moses, as the Lord had commanded him.

Q.—How were the Israelites governed and directed in their journeyings?

A.—By the cloud.

Q.—When the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle what did they then do?

A.—They abode in their tents.

Q.—When the cloud was taken up what did they then do?

A.—They followed in its course.

Q.—What kind of instruments were used to call the people together in the assemblies and for the journeyings of the camps?

A.—Two trumpets of silver.

Q.—When the ark set forward what was the prayer of Moses?

A.—“Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate thee flee before thee.”

Q.—What was the prayer of Moses when the ark rested?

A.—“Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel.”

Q.—What did the Lord do at a place called Taberah, when the people complained?

A.—He sent fire among them and consumed them.

Q.—When was the fire quenched?

A.—After Moses prayed unto the Lord at the request of the people.

Q.—What else did the Israelites do that was displeasing unto Moses?

A.—They were dissatisfied with the manna and cried for flesh to eat.

Q.—What else did they say?

A.—“We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic.”

Q.—When Moses complained of his heavy burdens to the Lord what was done to relieve him?

A.—Seventy elders of Israel were appointed to bear it with him.

Q.—What flesh was sent by the Lord to appease the cries of the people?

A.—A large number of quails.

Q.—While they were eating, what occurred?

A.—They were smitten with a very great plague.

Q.—Who was it that spoke against Moses?

A.—Miriam and Aaron.

Q.—Why did they speak against him?

A.—Because he had married an Ethiopian woman.

THANKSGIVING.

WORDS BY E. HANHAM.

MUSIC BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

Allegretto:

FULL CHORUS.

We are children of the kingdom. Born in Isra'l's cov'nant new; We rejoice on
Zion's mountains; To our cause may we be true. Ad-o-ra-tion to the Father! Ever-lasting
King of Kings! Praise to Jesus Christ, the Savior, For the joy the gospel brings.

God again from Heav'n hath spoken,
Nations must His laws obey;
We have peace, the Spirit's token
Of the coming Sabbath day.
Thank the Lord for all His blessings:
Clothes to wear and bread to eat,
For our parents' fond caressings—
We will worship at His feet.

Hail! all hail! to Zion's glory!
'Tis the Priesthood's right to rule!
Joyful! joyful! Calv'ry's story!
All creation's in a school!
Bless our leaders—may they prosper!
Spread the truth with voice and pen.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Lord! Amen! Amen!

CHARADE.

BY E. H. B.

I am composed of 12 letters:

- My 1, 2, 3, 9, we all enjoy;
- My 8, 11, 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, we should always be;
- My 3, 10, 12, we should avoid;
- My 4, 5, 12, is a useful article;
- My 7, 5, 6, 11, 5, is a blunder;
- My 9, 11, 12, is a weight;
- My 3, 10, 1, is a title;
- My 1, 4, 3, 9, is a destroyer;
- My whole is a revival.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 7 is TIPPLE CANOE. We have received correct solutions from C. Lindholm, jr., Tooele; N. L. Johnson, Fountain Green; Jos. Barber, Juno; F. Lewis, Coalville; Mary E. Jacobs, St. Charles; E. H. Rodeback, E. McMichael, Richville; Ella A. Pomeroy, Emma A. Pomeroy, Ursula Pomeroy, Paris; B. A. White, E. M. White, W. G. White, Porterville; S. M. Coleman, Smithfield; P. Anderson, Bellevue; A. J. Crane, Kanosh; Eleazer Evans, Lehi; Alma Hardy, Alma; Rosalia Curtis, Springville; Sarah Jensen, Brigham City; Isabella Webster, Taylorsville; Mary A. McNeil, Bountiful; O. L. Robinson, jr., Farmington; Morgan Evans, Lehi. Also from E. H. Brooks, F. M. Fenton, Charles Reynolds, S. Christensen, Ellen E. Culmer, Mary J. White, M. M. Paul, Thos. Alston, B. Neall, Martha Hollingworth, Geo. Callister, D. H. Lambert, A. H. Cannon, Hyrum Stand-

ing, W. B. Child, F. Beesley and Helen Williams, Salt Lake City.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—However much we may know, there is still something for us to learn. It is said that a learned philosopher was once engaged with his books in his study when a little girl, a neighbor's daughter, applied for some burning coals with which to start her mother's fire. The doctor remarked, "But you have nothing to carry them in;" and arose immediately to get a fire-shovel to lend her. The child stepped forward to the fire-place, took some cool ashes in one hand, and placed some live coals on top with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have thought of that expedient."

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